

638 POEM TO THE MAJESTY OF KING JAMBS\* [  
9 /<sub>un</sub>e<sup>h</sup>e<sub>3</sub>;

And then (0 but till then make haste !) your  
Grace shall see  
Your stranger subject's faithful loyalty,  
Now to return where first I did begin,  
'Mongst all estates, Poets have cause to sing  
King JAMES his welcome; for he doth excel  
(As his *Lepantho* and his *Furies* tell)  
In Poesy. All kings in Christendom.,  
Then welcome him (quick spirits!), blush to be  
dumb!  
And pardon him that boldly makes this suit  
Forced by some Fury, scorns to be longer  
mute,  
Rejoice ! Your patron is your country's King,  
Judge! of all states, have not you cause to sing  
?  
For shame, then, rouse your spirits ! Awake,  
for shame !  
Give CAESAR'S due ! Acquit yourselves from  
blame !  
All wish his welcome, 'mongst all sorts of men<sub>f</sub>  
Save only such as are past sixty-ten:  
These wayward old ones grudge to leave  
behind  
What our succeeding Age is sure to find.  
The peace, the plenty, pleasure, and such like  
gain  
Which we are sure t'enjoy in JAMES his reign ;  
Wishing, Would he had lived in their youth's  
prime;  
Or Old Age would return to ten and nine !  
Were they but nineteen who have ninety seen,  
They would then wish to see King JAMES and 's  
Queen.  
And so indeed they do, the whitest heads  
That lived in antique time, and prayed on  
beads  
These holiest fathers crave no longer life  
Than once to see King JAMES his Queen and  
wife  
With hands up reared, giving JEHOVAH praise,  
That length'ed their lives to see his happy  
days.  
That these his happy days full grace may  
bring,  
Let English hearts cry all, " GOD save our  
King!"

*FINIS.*